



The Copper Hammer.
Venus, Not Halley's.
Aristocracy and Exclusiveness.
Retaliation.
Looking Forward.

Once upon a time a locomotive engineer was on trial in a police court, charged with assault. It appeared from the evidence that in the culmination of a quarrel, he had taken a copper hammer from his tool chest and with it had beaten his opponent over the head to a knock-out. The justice looked puzzled. "Why," he asked, "did you particularly select a copper hammer?" The engineer looked surprised at the ignorance of the bench. "Why," he said, "I didn't want to mar the man!" For a copper hammer, as everybody knows, is used about machinery to tap the fine steel keys and other pieces into place without denting the material.

It may happen sometimes in great moral reforms, in ethical revolutions, in political contests, that some men are so obtuse, others so hopelessly ignorant, and a few others, again, so viciously dangerous, that a sledge-hammer of chilled steel is thought necessary for the pounding in of a new idea, or the beating out of the useless brains. If the man is to be prepared for the coroner, a sledge-hammer is perhaps as effective as any other implement. But that is rarely the case. Indeed, it might be said to be never the case.

For a man is a very delicate unit in the complex construction of the universe. He is so essential to the perfect condition of things that his place, once made vacant, can be filled only by another man. If he is a vicious man, he may be only a valuable bit of mechanism misplaced. If he is stupid, he may be only a misfit in the wrong slot. If he rattles too much, he may be a man in the right place working loose. What he needs is not destruction, but readjustment. And society needs to be careful with him, lest he be indelibly scarred and badly marred by disfiguring dents in the process of realignment.

It is frequently necessary to use force in compelling the insurgent member of society to fit into the right place. Use the copper hammer on him. It drives quite as well, and doesn't mar the machine. The worst thing in the world to use on a balky horse is the whip. It has spoiled many good horses. It has rarely made a good one out of a bad one. Just enough of a touch to let him know there is one in the whip socket. The best horsemen use the copper hammer.

The bitterest fights in the world used to be its religious wars. They drenched Christian lands with fraternal blood. Men hold their special creeds just as dearly and as tenaciously as ever. But they no longer beat on each other's shields of bronze and helmets of brass with clanging battle axes of steel. They use the copper hammer so deftly that the unconscious divine, lying on his back in the plank arena, taking the interdenominational count, does not show a dent on the shining bald head which received the theological "wallop," speaking after the manner of sporting men.

Even when a man is sent to the penitentiary, the modern idea is not to maul him with a rod of iron; to drive into his consciousness the sense of his crime by incessant shame and punishment, but rather to make of him a good citizen. His punishment is well deserved. But we use the copper hammer.

We differ in our political views and our policies of statecraft as widely as darkness differs from light. And so long as we are yet imperfect men, with strong prejudices, we will give and take hard blows in every campaign. Let us fight hard, but use the copper hammer, that the head of our fallen foe—if he be one that falls—may not reproach the victor with the pathos of many lumps and a multitude of corresponding dents. In our social, religious and political wars let us use the copper hammer, and so bring on the millennium.

When Venus, the star, not the goddess, made her appearance in the noonday sky the other afternoon, my telephone started a musical tinkle which precluded all possibility of work for several hours. "Hello Advertiser, Halley's comet is up there over your roof. The astronomers say it ain't visible yet? Well, they don't know what they're talkin' about. Can't I see it?"

After multitudinous repetitions of this I called up my friend Donaghio of the College of Hawaii for information. The genial professor non erat about that time but later in the day he kindly sent me the death warrant of the latest Halley's comet agitation. I append the same:

It seems that the "Star of Bethlehem" has been transmuted, at this appearance, into "Halley's comet," an interesting astronomical event. As it is the astronomer's sad duty, about twice in each period of eighteen months, to disappoint the public in its belief that the former phenomenon has recurred, so he will reluctantly find it necessary, for the next ten days, to cast cold water upon the enthusiasm of those who have caught the earliest naked-eye glimpse of the latter visitor. If those of our people, who are now straining their eyes to catch a glimpse of Venus in the glare of the noonday sun, will only go out about five a. m. and look at her in the eastern sky, they will see a glorious sight, which will not be so difficult to find nor so painful to view. Although only one-twenty-five-hundredth as bright as the full moon, the planet is still bright enough to cast a shadow. They will also, at the same time, get a sight of Jupiter in the west, now appearing as bright, if not brighter, than Venus.

Seen through a telescope magnifying forty diameters, Venus would now appear as a crescent, about like the moon of March 15, and of about the same apparent diameter. Mountains and valleys would not be visible on the planet's surface, however, as they are upon that of the moon, and the casual observer would doubtless say: "That's very beautiful. It looks just like the new moon. But it's TOO SMALL."

Halley's comet, by the way, is on the opposite side of the sun from Venus, sets now about half-past seven, at a point about seven degrees north of west, and is not visible to the naked eye, either by day or by night.

J. S. DONAGHIO.

Pau another Halley's comet yarn.

"Tis an ancient saying that when you apply for admittance to the mystic circles they call society, in lieu of any better name, in the three great social centers of America, you are forced in each instance to answer a question. In New York the query is, "What are you worth?" In Boston, "What do you know?" In Philadelphia, "Who was your great-grandfather?" I don't know what the Pittsburgh and San Francisco challenges are, but I can imagine.

But in each case it means that an aristocracy has grown up in that city. In one case it is an aristocracy of wealth, in another an aristocracy of mind, in the third an aristocracy of birth. And who shall say which is the most desirable. All of the party platforms, declarations of independence and constitutions that were ever drawn can not prevent the growth of an aristocracy. And should we try to prevent such a growth? I opine that the most democratic of us has a sneaking longing to pass into the social, or intellectual or financial stratum just above his head. And that very longing is the keynote to ambition.

Healthy pride of family is no more reprehensible than pride of country. The man who springs from a long line of illustrious ancestors has as much right to feel proud of their achievements as has a man to glory in the achievements

of his native land. Ostentation is, of course, in bad taste, but is the ostentatious parading of pedigree any worse than the ostentatious parading of nationality such as many good, democratic Americans indulge in when they travel in foreign lands? I think that there is mighty little to choose between the man who points to the decorations upon his dress coat breast and says "Behold, I am in a class by itself, for I am of the sacred society of the Cincinnati," and the chap who wanders about Europe with the Stars and Stripes twisted around his hat crown and proclaims far and wide that he is the real "I am" for he is from "Amurca."

The man who has accumulated a vast fortune by honest endeavor has a right to feel pride in his achievement. When all is said and done about the only satisfaction we get out of life is that which we feel when we realize that we have accomplished something. I can't say that I believe the addled donkey whose only claim to consideration is a million dollars which his father collected by selling cheap supplies to the government has much to bray about, but that is another matter.

The man who, by years of drudgery and close application to his books, has raised himself to a pedestal where he can tell his fellow men what is what, has not a right to feel a bit of pride in achievement? There is no royal road to learning and no one's efforts but his own will raise the ambitious students to the ranks of the savants.

And this brings me to the question of exclusiveness. You show me a mar rubles a month for no work at all, we would be quite happy, I think. I know I would.

And suppose some of the socialists do wear bushy beards and forget to clean their finger nails, what business is it of ours, so long as they conform to the rules of the board of health and fumigate themselves at proper intervals? Why should The Advertiser criticize them for hirsute failings?

With all their faults, the socialists are harmless. Of course, they frequently murder the king's English, but that does not constitute an offense under the laws. Neither does the fact that most of those who would reform the laws and customs of the United States are foreign-born constitute a violation of the penal statutes. Let them talk. Why should a respectable newspaper interfere with the privilege of all men to say what they think, so long as what they say does not conflict with the laws against public use of profanity.

I feel that The Advertiser made a mistake when it published such a derisive article, and, being a man of bold speech myself, I must administer this reproof.

Socialism

By Josher H. Bluffem.

Although it grieves me to do so, I feel compelled to take The Advertiser to task for its inconsequential attitude toward socialism. The account yesterday morning of the socialist meeting at Alakea hall was hardly respectful, to put it mildly, and I am astonished that a journal of the standing and general good sense of The Advertiser should have permitted to appear in its columns such a ribald report of a serious occasion.

Understand, my dear Editor, that I am not a socialist myself, which is why I feel privileged to rise in their defense and say what I have to say. I do not approve of the socialistic doctrine or belief or whatever you choose to call it. But, notwithstanding that, I have a great admiration for the men who socialize. If the ordinary man had as much faith as they have, then he could enter the gates of heaven without having to be pinched in the process.

The fundamental doctrine of socialism appeals to me, especially part of it. The one great idea of the socialists, as I have had it explained to me by several of them, is to get as big a wage as possible for as little work as possible. If we were all as honest as the socialists, we would all confess that we believe in the same doctrine. If we could make the sugar planters pay us forty-five who is exclusive and I'll show you one who is very shaky in his own mind regarding his social position. There are those in America who profess to scoff at "tradesmen." In a land whose greatness rests on trade, such a profession is not only callous but is ridiculous as well. Even in the older countries, where for centuries the tradesman was looked down upon, the spirit is rapidly changing. And for that matter successful tradesmen have borne coat armor in Germany for hundreds of years. The Prince Fugger of Augsburg, head of one of the most powerful noble houses of Bavaria, is the descendant of a tradesman and he glories in the accomplishments of that illustrious merchant ancestor.

Just as surely as water must seek its own level, so must like seek like. The purveyor and would-be aristocrat will continue to flock together and bar the doors of the holy of holies, but their exclusiveness is not induced by an honest belief that they are better than anyone else; it comes from the fact that they are very uncertain of their positions and fear to rub against the world. The man, who is sure of his position, picks his friends from among the people he likes, regardless of the whether they be tradesmen, professional men or nobles.

I should not be surprised to see some of our rich men who are doing Europe this summer come back with an airship or two. Ex-Governor Carter, for example, would look fine sailing round the empire. In Europe the airship factories are running night and day and can not fill their orders. The world is taking to aviation far more quickly than it took to automobiling, and we shall soon have the machines here. Then it will be quite the thing to take a run over to see a friend on Maui or Hawaii just as we now take a spin to Pearl City, or over the Pali. Instead of inviting friends to have dinner and take a moonlight run to Haleiwa, it will be, "Come and take pot luck with me tonight, and, if the weather's good after dinner, we'll run over and see how the volcano is acting." Or our aviator friends will say, "Guess I'll get up early tomorrow and take a run over before breakfast to see the sun rise from Haleakala."

There will be other developments. The county, of course, will have to have an airship. Jim Quinn won't stand for being left out of the empire. If there is to be any. He will need a machine in order to inspect the roads and take supervisors on tours of investigation. Mayor Fern will want to soar as high as any one. Auto Inspector Seully should have quicker means of travel, so that he can catch speeding autos. What more scientific, effective, exciting and altogether delightful aspect than to see him on the fly, chasing up a joy-rider and ready to pounce like a hawk upon a chicken? McDuffie, too, must be supplied with means of keeping up with the pace.

Then there are the federal people. There is United States Marshal Hendry. To see him astride of a Paulhan empyrean after people wanted by Breckons will be one of our finest spectacles. Stackable's men will need Paulhans to chase sampans and help the Thetis prevent smuggling.

There are great times coming.

The path of many persons interested in public service is quite often bordered with thorns, and the humane officer has found this to be so with a vengeance. Efforts at retaliation are made, but she works in the interest of suffering dumb animals and is backed by a society which numbers some of the most influential residents of Honolulu. A recent incident shows to what extent some of those she reproves for cruelty to animals will go. A government official whose head was about to fall into the basket recently, but who was given another chance, has been marked by a number of people, most of whom are lovers of good horseflesh, as one whom the humane officer should look after. She received several letters telling of the official's neglect of his beast after he had tied it to a hitching post, leaving it to stand there sometimes from one o'clock in the afternoon to eight in the evening. It was a form of torment, which a writer recently described as "exquisite cruelty." The horse was in harness attached to a buggy, and during all that time was neither fed nor watered. The humane officer spoke to him of the complaints, but she received little encouragement. She spoke to him last Wednesday. On Thursday morning an employee of the official came to her stable and requested that she turn over to him her pet horse, which was raised from a colt almost on a bottle, as the government official believed it was suffering from glanders. She was compelled to let the horse go with the employee. The horse was returned to the stable the next day. It is a form of annoyance to which the humane officer is subjected, but this official heads the list.

Small Talks

W. J. CORLEO—I expect to be a senator from Maui again.

JOE COHEN—I rather like the looks of the words "Senator Cohen."

MAYOR FERN—I thought that Venus was a white bird flying high.

CHARLES R. FRAZIER—The sooner this city is freed from syrenates the better.

PRESIDENT MOTT-SMITH—I haven't any time these days to be Secretary Mott Smith.

SAM JOHNSON—I am not going to Quarantine Island. I came here on personal business.

A. R. GURREY, JR.—Let us make Honolulu the city beautiful, without rubbish heaps, slums or billboards.

JOE COHEN—The issue in the next political campaign will be the immigration question, not the land question.

LICENSE INSPECTOR FENNELL—I should like to see a movement among the dubs here to cut out the booze business.

SUPERINTENDENT CAMPBELL—The Nuuanu dam is the cheapest dam of its size ever built. Compare it with the Waiulua dam.

JOSEPH J. FERN—The Governor is not the only executive in the Territory who can boast an automobile. Won't you let me take you out to Fern Park?

W. A. BOWEN—We made one agreement with the liquor people, and they went back on it. How can we now open negotiations with them to discuss compromise or anything else?

A. R. GURREY, JR.—The slogan in politics this year might well be "The Straight Ticket," meaning by that men who are straight. That is the right interpretation of a "straight ticket."

FRED MAKINO—If I have to go to jail, all right. I can stand it. It doesn't kill a man to spend ten months in jail. When I come out, I suppose I shall be an "ex-convict." But I haven't gone to jail yet.

ANNE MARIE PRESOTT—On account of the ample, the most abundant, supply of water in hill and dell (tenement shacks as well)—we do not all tremble at the fearful word "Fire!" But, about next Fourth of July, say, when everything is well-dried off (as dry as hay), and the dozens of alleys of cheapest rookeries, like to match boxes, are ready even for spontaneous ignition, then shake in your shoes; for, does a fire start, even the "Chief" will not be equal to the havoc that will (must) ensue.

ROCKEFELLER'S BENEFACTIONS ARE OVER HUNDRED MILLION

NEW YORK, March 2.—Up to the time of the organization of the "Rockefeller Foundation," a bill to incorporate which was introduced in congress today, John D. Rockefeller has given away \$112,655,000. The general education board heads the list with \$53,000,000 and Chicago University is second with \$21,400,000.

The list of the benefactions of Mr. Rockefeller is as follows:

General Education Board, \$53,000,000.
Chicago University, \$21,400,000.
Rush Medical College, \$6,000,000.
Churches (known), \$3,100,000.
Missions (known), \$2,300,000.
Baptist Foreign Mission fund, \$2,000,000.
Institute for Medical Research, \$2,000,000.
Barnard College, \$1,375,000.
Southern education fund, \$1,125,000.
Union Theological Seminary, \$1,100,000.
Harvard University, \$1,000,000.
Baptist Educational Society, \$1,000,000.
Yale University, \$1,000,000.
Juvenile Reformatory, \$1,000,000.
Cleveland city parks, \$1,000,000.
Nine Y. M. C. A., \$845,000.
W. R. Harper Library (Chicago University), \$600,000.
Teachers' College, \$500,000.
Johns Hopkins University, \$500,000.
Vassar College, \$400,000.
Brown University, \$325,000.
Seven small colleges, \$320,000.
McMaster's College, \$275,000.

Rochester Theological Seminary, \$250,000.
Cornell University, \$250,000.
Bryn Mawr College, \$250,000.
Case School of Science, Cleveland, \$200,000.
Oberlin College, \$200,000.
Spellman Seminary, Atlanta, \$180,000.
Newton Theological Seminary, \$150,000.
Adelphi College, \$125,000.
University of Wooster, O., \$125,000.
Children's Home, \$125,000.
Presbyterian work in Egypt and the Sudan, \$100,000.
Cleveland Social Settlement, \$100,000.
Syracuse University, \$100,000.
Smith College, \$100,000.
Wellesley College, \$100,000.
Columbia University, \$100,000.
Dennison College, \$100,000.
Curry Memorial, \$100,000.
Furman University, \$100,000.
Lincoln Memorial Fund, \$100,000.
University of Virginia, \$100,000.
Cleveland Y. M. C. A., \$100,000.
University of Nebraska, \$100,000.
Arcadia University, \$100,000.
Indiana University, \$50,000.
Mount Holyoke College, \$50,000.
Shurtleff College, \$35,000.
School of Applied Design for Women, \$25,000.
Bucknell University, \$25,000.
William Jewell Institute, \$25,000.
Howard College, \$25,000.
Miscellaneous gifts prior to 1892, \$7,000,000.
Total, \$112,655,000.

TWO SCORE BODIES ARE RECOVERED

Workers at Scene of the Fatal Avalanche Labor Only in the Daytime.

THE PROGRESS IS VERY SLOW

Some of the Victims Are Buried Seventy Feet Under a Mass of Debris.

WELLINGTON, Washington, March 4.—The men digging for bodies in the avalanche tomb made little progress today, and late this afternoon only forty dead had been brought out, leaving forty-five passengers and railroad men and an unknown number of laborers in the gorge. The searchers are working in the daytime only. The Great Northern railroad today sent in fifteen Alaskan sledges, on which the bodies will be taken to a train at Skykomish, to be carried to Everett and Seattle. All the railroad men's homes were at Everett.

Donald Cameron Gilmore, fireman, aged 32, whose body has been recovered, was formerly a West Point cadet, and his mother is a prominent resident of Santa Barbara, California. Edgar Lemmon, of Hunter's, Washington, whose body and that of his wife have been found, was formerly one of the leading attorneys of Seattle, and has relatives and business connections in Walla Walla.

All the wounded in the temporary hospital here are recovering. They will probably be taken to the big hotel at Scenic Hot Springs tomorrow.

Buried Seventy Feet Deep.

Of 700 sacks of mail carried away by the avalanche only 150 have been recovered. There is no trace whatever of one mail car and seven clerks and weighers. In some places cars are known to be under seventy feet of trees, snow, earth and rocks.

The Great Northern is using all the resources at its command to open the track. Every man and every plow that can find a place to work are busy night and day. Superintendent O'Neill estimates the actual loss to the road by destruction of property at \$1,000,000. The four electric motors now lying demolished under the snow were valued at \$250,000. The only salvage from the wreck will be of old metal.

Progress of Recovery Slow.

Cold rain and increasing fear of snowslides added to the gloom of Wellington today. Two bodies were sent down the trail and the others, wrapped in blankets, are lying in a railroad building. Among the arrivals today were a number of friends and relatives of victims, a few of them women.

Every courtesy was shown to these anxious people, but they contributed nothing to the cheerfulness of the camp. The recovery of bodies will be slow until locomotives arrive to pull away the giant trees, whose trunks and branches are interlocked above the dead. The rain, falling on snow already packed so tight that a shovel will not enter it, is turning it to ice. The working force in the avalanche ruins now consists of 150 men, Americans. Three of the Greek and Slavonian laborers stole clothing from the ruins, but they did not actually rob the dead bodies. The misconduct of these men aroused such indignation that the railroad sent all the seventy-five foreign laborers away. The corpse robber who was caught in the act of taking a watch from the body of Sol Cohen of Everett gave his name as Robert Roberts, to the disgust of Deputy Sheriff John Roberts, who arrested him.

Superintendent O'Neill's private car, containing the bodies of Trainmaster A. R. Blackburn and Secretary A. E. Longcoy, was found today. The bodies of Mr. and Mrs. George Beck of Pleasanton, California, and their three children, Emma, Marion and baby, and of Porter Duncan, have also been recovered. The bodies of the Beck family will be brought out today and shipped to California. In conveying the bodies down the mountain trail a toboggan is made of boards and the body, wrapped in a blanket, is laid on the sledge, which is easily dragged over the snow, except in steep places, where the men must lift the burden and carry it. The body of R. H. Bethel of Seattle, formerly a prominent civil engineer of New York city, is being brought down the trail.

As all the passengers were asleep when the avalanche struck, there is some delay in identifying the bodies. The first bodies found were mutilated, but those found lower down are unmarked and the expressions on the faces is that of persons who never woke from sleep. The only man who saw the avalanche, a lodger in a Wellington hotel, who dashed down the mountain to Skykomish with the news, has not yet recovered his senses.

BISHOP SPELLMEYER DEAD.

ATLANTIC CITY, March 12.—The well-known Methodist Episcopal Bishop, Doctor Spellmeyer, has been found dead in his room, having died of heart failure.

TO RUN FOR THE HOUSE.

HILA, March 11.—Supervisor Fernandez states positively that he will not again be a candidate for that office, but he may accept the Republican nomination for the house of representatives.

AN EXCELLENT LINIMENT.

Every family and especially those who reside in the country should be provided at all times with a bottle of Chamberlain's Pain Balm. There is no telling when it may be wanted in case of an accident or emergency. It is most excellent in all cases of rheumatism, sprains and bruises. For sale by all dealers. Bennett, Smith & Co., Agents for Hawaii.